followed our guide through an after-

growth of scrub pines to the top of a



The author, a caslet at the Highland Mili- ing and bugle-calls. To the right those tary Academy, attends a reception given at terrible crashings of musketry and the Worcester, Mass., in honor of returned vet- yells of the charging enemy were still erans, and is so impressed with the heroism kept up. Wounded men and stragglers he decides to offer his services. At this time were met, and all told stories of disaster. the colored volunteers were being organized. He applies for examination as Second Lieu- We were breathless, nearly exhausted, terant, but before the Examining Board, at Washington, passes creditably as First Lieutenant. He is commissioned First Lieutenant. He is commissioned First Lieutenant. ant in the 30th U. S. C. T., and on May 4, tones he shorted, "Now, boys, for the 1864, joins his regiment at Manassas Junetion, where he is assigned to Co. H .- That evening orders are received to break camp, and the march to the front begins.

Though we were near enough to hear the yells of the Confederates, the colored troops were not to fight nobly, or otherwise, that morning. We were soon wid 'em!" hurried back to Germania Ford, over the road by which we had come. Here we were placed in a position to support ing. The firing slackened. "Hait!" ing the pontoon-bridge.

the Rapidan River, for my blistered Corps had repulsed the enemy and re- by far the most, bore their agony feet had made my stockings stiff with established their lines. We retraced in silence. The ghastly-blue, tightlyblood. It seemed to me that I was sore our steps towards the left again. No compressed lips and pain-distorted from head to foot. Here I obtained a credit was ever given for that noble faces showed their terrible sufferpair of Uncle Sam's army brogans. effort of exhausted, footsore men; not lings, but hardly a moan escaped With these easy shoes upon my feet, my even a mention of it in the official recondition was greatly improved, and I ports. experienced no further serious trouble | There was no rest for us. All night | mortally wounded. On the seat with on that score.

tack. They would have wasted their so hot that the men had to run. There dier, seeing the rebel, called out: rations had not their officers sternly in- was a sickening steach of burning flesh, sisted on a limited allowance.

we were soon called up. Over the perished miserably in those flames. same road we marched once more, until we reached the Fredericksburg plank road, and then turned to the left.

The Cavalry Corps were crossing in dusty and cross. Officers and privates front of us, and we waited for them. coated with red dust.

Forward we went again; halted once more, started again and halted, in the Hospital, with its army of wounded. reach Fredericksburg as best it could: the breast of each was pinned a paper, "Ye most tiresome and provoking way. We were halted close up to the front Here I saw war in its true colors. When and I read: "Capt. Pease, 37th Mass. pocketing the chew and handing her The men couldn't understand it.
"We were halted close up to the front the wounded had passed we moved to another position a mile south of the old geein' foh?" inquired one tired, dis"We are going in this time, sure,"

Here I saw war in its true colors. When the wounded had passed we moved to another position a mile south of the old another position a mile south of the old Chancellorville House. Here we built During the month of August previous to the wounded had passed we moved to another position a mile south of the old Chancellorville House. Here we built During the month of August previous to the billet doux constitution of the billet doux constitution. Serg't Worrell oracularly, "w'en you's ben in de army as long as I has, you'll be in de army as long as I has, you'll be in the serget works. As we were likely to remain the died away. How I asked and the latest army as long as I has, you'll be in the serget works. As we were likely to remain a few hours, and as the men were know dat dis yere am de way ob de always given by the white soldiers to fun, even if one were an officer. "it's military" settled all questions.

FLANKING THE SIXTH CORPS.

was covered with dust and foam.

and let the artillery pass!" was the cry.

are flanking the Sixth Corps!"

Just before dark a terrible uproar army trousers, the same as worn by them could hardly load their pieces in broke out on the right. We were faced privates, were tucked in a very muddy five minutes. about and started in that direction. pair of cavalry boots. He presented Taking a musket from a Sergeant,

The bullets began to hum overhead.

honor of the Black Brigade! Show the

Sixth Corps you are men! This is

Our double-quick increased to a run.

From the ranks came responses: " We'se

REINFORCEMENTS NOT NEEDED.

MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY.

were of the same color-all thickly

The morning found us sleepy, tired,

We were almost at the scene of fight-

Off went the knapsacks and blankets.

your chance

needed.

She fights for de Union!
She fights for de Union!
Ah-ha! Ah-ha!!
She fights for Uncle Sam!
Maryland! My Maryland!
She stays wid de Union!
Ah-ha! Ah-ha!
She stays wid Uncle Sam! Grand chorus, given with rousing All around we heard screaming, shout-

The singer continued:

chorus:

Den harness up de mules. Be keerful how you drite! Jeemses Ribbar! Joe Johnsing, An'de colored Gineral of the Biack Brigade! A generous round of applause from the Fifth Corps boys rewarded the

All day we manuvered in the tangled forest. Night found us in line-of-battle in the slashed timber of the old Chanslept as one dead.

THOUSANDS OF WOUNDED.

When we were called in the morning the road in the rear of our line was thronged with thousands of wounded men, who were painfully making their comin' right along, Kunnel! Tell de way towards Fredericksburg. Thou-Sixth Co' we'se reddy to stay right sands there were, literally, for the killed, wounded, and missing at the battle of the Wilderness were more than 15,000. Ambulances and army wagons were filled with the severely wounded. Many were shrieking, crazed with agony; others were to die, and some begging to be shot or I took the opportunity to bathe in The brave men of the old Sixth to be given a bayonet; but the most, powerful young Sergeant, apparently we were on the move, passing through the driver was a Confederate soldier The men made coffee and fried hard- burning woods. In places the fire was with an amputated arm. A black sol-

"Hi dar, you Johnny; you-alls uster and we knew that it was human flesh. tell we'uns dat de Yankees had ho'ns!' Towards 5 o'clock in the afternoon We witnessed most dreadful scenes; and clapping his hand on the bayonet the musketry increased on the left, and more than 200 Union wounded had at his side said, "Who's got de ho'ns now?"

The query struck the wounded Sergeant as so ludicrous that he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.*

DEILLING THE COMPANY. The army was moving by the left Our route took us on the Orange flank; it was occupied in the most active

How I ached and throbbed, and how raw and inexperienced, the Colonel millingtery!" This was the solution sleeply I was! Soldiering was not all ordered a drill in the manual of arms. "Lieutenant, you may drill the com-Gen. Grant and staff passed us here. pany," the Captain said. I soon found anything they did not understand; Gen. Grant and stan passed us nere. pany, the Captain that in the "loadings," the most imtion arms hat and a plain blouse, with portant part of the manual, the men three little stars on the shoulders. His were awkward and clumsy. Some of

"Very well done: very well,

Department Commander, Grand Army of the

Republic, Department of California. - F. S. R.

Instantly the whole line took up the After the drill I saw them still practicing at loading, and heard them say, Recon de little Lieutenant knows a Ah-ha! ah-ha! We'li fight for Uncle Sam I heap mor'n whut he looks."

A NIGHT'S MARCH.

The day had been drizzly, and when the night came on the rain fell in torrents. We crept under our rubber blankets, and were congratulating ourselves that we should have some sleep that night, even if it did rain, when the Adjutant's voice was heard: "Pack up! Lively now! Get your men out as quick as you can!"

We crawled out, roused the men, and sticky, letting the foot go down more than ankle deep, then holding on with a mountain town, is burned, and many of its cellorsville battleground. That night I west on the slashed timber of the old Chancellorsville battleground. That night I west on that made the next step a labor. Inhabitants massacred by a band of outlaws west end of the orchard, and I noticed that the owner had inclosed his garden as a weasel; he's only 12 years old, but grope and feel for it in the mud, and affair arouses intense indignation, and a grope and feel for it in the mud, and comrades who followed behind would tumble over him and rail at him heartily. Nearly all night we trudged in the mire, not knowing in the least where we were during the battle, become separated from not knowing in the least where we were going, and not caring very much.

A cavalry fight had taken place on our line-of-march, and we fell over camp that a number of mules, formerly the dead horses frequently. It must have been three o'clock in the morning when the Cubans plan to capture them. The we halted, closed up the regiment and author accompanies the party. formed in line-of-battle. Soaked to the a battery of artillery which was guard- came the command. We were not calling for water; some were praying pine bush, with my rubber blanket over my head, and went to sleep in the pour-

When I awoke it was daylight, and I was so stiff and cramped that I thought I could never move again. The men were lying around, some of them half buried in the mud. All were splashed from head to foot with the red soil of Virginia. A fire was soon made, some coffee prepared, and with hot fried pork and fried hardtack we felt greatly invigorated.

The men rallied one mother on their personal appearance, and appeared to take things as a matter of course. We learned by and by that an attempt of the enemy to capture some of our wagon-train had been the cause of our night's tramp.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Some ambulances had halted near us, and the drivers were digging a wide grave. Near-by lay three men, stark didn't bring him along, but I'll see and stiff. I went over to them. Two him this evening or to-morrow fore-

ous the 37th Mass, had been detached camp with them at Fort Hamilton. I ments. had formed the acquaintance of the two men who lay dead in front of me. might as well take a look at it right When the ambulance drivers placed now," said the Corporal as we turned them in their grave, all three side by into a side trail. side, I had some of my men bring some pine boughs and place over them, that the wet mud might not strike their faces. A poor tribute, but all that I vealed a crumpled sheet of printing-

was surprised to see hopping around our line of vain attempts to keep his ink cook-fire a white soldier with one leg. from blotting, the writer had continued made a zigzag trail, all the same, and his missive in pencil. hip, and the bandage was wet with

"What are you doing?" I ex-claimed. "Don't you know that you are way to treat a lone Widow not content liable to fall and bleed to death?"

Brigade.

their coffee and hardtack with him, and you promised to pay it was a peseta for he ate heartily. Then they assisted mutton quartilla brown beans Lard him into the ambulance, and he thanked other quartilla Red pepper quartilla them and said: "Stay with 'em, boys; fried sausages My heart it aches so I stand by the old flag till the cows come wish I was Dead give that money to home! I've been pegging at the Johnnies for three years, and I guess some of that oil back don't wait till I've done 'em more damage than they you hear I died of Despair your Affec-

An hour for breakfast, and back we went over the same road to our former camp at Chancellorsville.

DETAILED FOR PICKET DUTY. men were cautioned to save all they or upland plain, with dells and gullies could, for the five days' supplies were likely to have to last seven days. Fresh beef was issued, and was soon sizzling in the frying-pan.

growl the first time.

said, "and I'll be off."

line through the woods.



By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN. Copyright, 1898, by the Publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

SYNOPSIS.

The author, an American gun-maker, in as a rule," said Lieut, Estevan; " but in business in Manzanillo, being fond of ad- this case somebody did build a house old Zambo; "at least, that's where they venturous experiences, was easily persuaded were soon on the road in the darkness, splashing through the mud and water. Outfit of Mauser rifles, and he was by no And such mud-soft, slippery, and means averse to sharing for awhile the for- that hollow back there." their command, and are brought into the Cuban camp, where they remain more as guests than prisoners. Information reaches property of the outlaws, are grazing on the mountain, and the meat supply being short,

> About a quarter of a mile below Carlo Chino's ranch a little girl emerged from a huddle of shanties and clambered up into the wagon-road to scrutinize our detachment at close range.

"Isn't there an officer or a cabo among you gentlemen?" she inquired. "I've a letter for one of you fellows, but you haven't brought him along."

"Here we are, Nina," said Corp'l Marquez; "who is it you're trying to find?"

"Big Jack," she said; "Jack Rodriguez. My aunty has been waiting a month for him to call, and she's too heavy to climb up to your hangout; so she sends him this note. She paid old Garrete 25 cents to write it for her, so please don't lose it; and if he can't make it out, one of you ones might read it to him, and my aunt will make it all

"I'll attend to it; here's a chew for you, sissy," replied the Corporal. "We

"Yes, please do," said the messenger,

The envelope of the billet-doux confrom the Army of the Potomac and sisted of a little linen tobacco-bag, tied ordered to New York City. I had up with a strip of oilcloth, to prevent visited them there and spent a week in the evaporation of the ethereal senti-

"I'll have to read it to him, and

A CUBAN LOVE-LETTER.

The removal of the oil-strap re-

paper-probably the fly-leaf of some I turned away with moist eyes, and I old Spanish prayer-book, and after a "Juan de mi alma (Jack of my

soul), there is only one way to account with lacerating my Heart you forgot to "Reckon I might as well bleed to pay me For that hair-oil I brought from death as starve to death," retorted the Bayamo And i hear you called on that veteran, who was from the old Vermont rio verde girl again i know I'm a cow but a Cat is worser maybe You also The black soldiers instantly divided forgot What you owe Me for that supper tionate panchita martinez."

We had turned into a hill-trail, and after a pretty steep upgrade of a mile and a half, reached a stony plateau, sparsely wooded with pine trees and Rations were running low, and the mountain-locusts. It was a true mesa, of its own, and here and there a spring, trickling into a bushy bottom.

A WEST INDIAN YOSEMITE.

"Lieutenant! Oh, Lieutenant!" The chains began to shimmer through the the French intruders—an indirect way if they were in somebody's pasture, with Adjutant was calling my name. "You trees as we advanced, and every now of expressing Republican sympathies." are detailed for picket. Report with and then the rustling of the leaves your detail to the Division Officer of the seemed to mingle with the boom of a wrote this," said the Lieutenant, point- all the rifles. Day at Division Headquarters." It distant waterfall. We stepped over ing to one of the less unorthographic "Yes, we are if they try to skip, but seemed "tough," but it was "all in the the remnants of a mouldering rail- pencil scrawls. "Yes, there's his signa- if they behave we'll take them home, three years," and it would not do to fence, and on emerging from a copse of ture, 'Julio Perez'; poor lad." owl the first time.

"All right, Adjutant! I'll be there. suddenly stood on the brink of the Rio vez," wrote the sen of the exile,—" home take that white mare up there and Here, Ben, give me a cup of coffee," I Hondo, a magnificent canyon, that of my youth, I visit thee again; memo-tether her somewhere where they will brings down the drainage of the Sierra ries of the past still awaken, but, ah notice her before they get scared? Taking charge of the detail of about 50 men, I reported at Division Head- tower walls at least a quarter of a mile now struggle in the grasp of rank we could not resist the temptation to quarters. Details were there from other in perpendicular hight. In the far weeds "-winn other laments, suggesting tiptoe our way to a point where we regiments, making 200 men or more, northeast the blue peaks of its birthland the recoilection of a time when the could get a preliminary glimpse of our We went out on the Orange turnpike, rose, tier above tier, with a pedestal of Perez place must have been decidedly game. Yes, there were Charley Chino's and under the direction of the Division evergreen foot-hills, and nearer by a worth owning. And worth defending, I mules, 10 or 12 of them, picking their Officer of the Day established a picket- whirl of mist-clouds, half screened by thought, and felt that I could have way among the herbage of the glen, the vegetation of the river valley, be- assassinated a dozen Spanish usurpers to and looking back only when they had This was the part of the Chancellors- trayed the locality of the booming avoid expulsion from such a paradise, to dislodge a gadfly which their switchville battleground where the Eleventh waterfall. In the west, above the mouth Similar thoughts seemed to have siling tails failed to reach. They didn't Corps had been routed the year before. of the Rio Gallo, terraced hills, like lenced the chatter of my companious, as look starved, though their distended The dead of that fight had been but stairways of the giants, rose from the they cast a farewell glance at the pine paunches might be due to the fact that half buried. The rains had washed the coast plain, and at the junction of the groves of the great canyon and the glit- they had to eat lots of weeds to make soil away that had been thrown over the two rivers a lake with several wooded tering pinnacles of the Sierra Maestra. up for the lack of more nourishing

low ridge, which we followed in a northeasterly direction for nearly an hour, when Chino Junior grasped his father's arm and pointed to a grassy glen on our left, where the slopes were dotted with a different species of pines, resembling overgrown juniper bushes, with their tangled branches almost touching the ground. " He says the mules are in that hol-"Our people have no eye for scenery, low, about half a mile ahead," said the

here, but it has been in ruins for many saw them early this morning; so, hailing him. He's on the lookout for The white walls of a dilapidated man- us, I know."

"That's Henry, or Erny," explained with a now likewise weed-shrouded stone you couldn't lose him in they mount-



"ISN'T THERE AN OFFICER OR A CABO AMONG YOU GENTLEMEN?"

wall. Just below our feet a stone could lains. The came across those mules when have dropped 500 feet straight before he was looking for quite something else, striking the first ledge of projecting and has now kept track of them since cliffs.

"There are fine fishing-pools below there," said our guide. "Trout, eel and lots of sanguinillos (a kind of red-bellied perch), but the trails are so steep it almost breaks your knee-joints to fetch

them out of that cove." "Is there no way of reaching it from the junction?" I asked. "From the other river valley, I mean?"

"Not without wings," said Lieut. Estevan. The cliffs are breakneck steep on both sides. With a little work the owner of this ranch could have Let us take a look at his old bungalow-'The Perez Place,' they used to call it.'

A DESERTED MANSION.

The building had evidently been better than the usual stone casucha of of turban, came skipping through the the Cuban farmers, but in its present bushes and crossed the dell in a rush. condition was a mere shell, with the re- stooping so low that an observer a mains of a turret on the terraced roof.

tenant, "had to leave to avoid arrest on the weeds. He made directly for his a charge of conspiracy; but the windows father, and, pulling him aside, chattered and doors were probably carried off by away in an excited half-whisper for a some intelligent natives that wished to couple of minutes. utilize them nearer home. Just look at "Why! here's news, gentlemen," all the inscriptions on that wall; we said the old squatter. "I told you about are not the first visitors, you see. Be- eight mules, you remember, but this tween the two last wars people used to lad tells me that there were 12 last come up here to rob the old orchard, or night, and there are 11 of them here now. skylark around the cliffs, and a good I don't know what to make of that, unmany of them registered their names less there is another gang of them somewhile they were about it."

Up to a hight of seven feet the walls to and fro." of the Perez House were closely covered with autographs; inscriptions in charcoal, berry-juice frescoes, and pencil memobut there were also a good many poems, we left the Perez Place. and a few political caricatures, one of "They're almost in sight," said the

(Continued on second page.) islands glittered in the morning sun. | We recrossed the old rail fence and fodder.

last Saturday."

STRIKING THE TRAIL.

"Here's their trail, sure enough," said Serg't Mariel, who had been examining the sandy bottom of the glen. " It looks as if they were moving up this rambla, just browsing along and taking their time. They are not far ahead now, I think."

Lieut. Salinez cast a warning glance towards our rear-guard, where one of the Bernaleros had broken a dry branch with a loud snap. "Come this way," he whispered, beckoning to Master Pancho; "isn't that your brother in those bushes on the other side, ahead there? He has seen us, too, I bet."

"Yes, that's 'Erny," chuckled the

youngster.

A light-footed little imp, with a sort hundred vards higher up could hardly "The owner," explained the Lieu- have noticed his head over the tops of

where nearby, and they keep changing

PLANNING THE CAPTURE.

"How far ahead are they now?" asked Lieut. Salinez, who had assumed randa. Names and dates predominated; command of the expedition as soon as

The dim outlines of blue mountain them representing Benito Juarez chasing boy; "and they're no more scared than a good fence around. You ones ain't "They say the son of old Squire Perez going to shoot them, are you?" noticing

and give you a good horse-nistol for

the reserve ammunition-wagons of the the lines of the Fifth Corps, and the Colonel. Sixth Corps. The evening drew on, but to the right Colored Division. Our men, aware that I was happy, and the men were dethe sky was bright with the flashings of they were objects of criticism, closed up lighted. musketry. A battery of artillery was their ranks, brought their guns to the going with us to take a position on right shoulder, and presented a credit-

some crossroads. The drivers were able military appearance. lashing the excited horses and urging them ahead regardless of everything. The white soldiers were not disposed to let them pass without some "chaffing," The cannoneers were clinging to the to which the colored men were quite limber-chests; for a man to fall in that equal. One colored soldier with a clear, his life. He recovered and is still alive, living in California. In 1890 he was elected race meant death. "Clear the road mellow voice, raised the song:

"THE DRIVERS WERE LASHING THE EXCITED HORSES." Soon we met a staff officer; his horse anything but a military appearance. I illustrated every motion and ex-He was smoking a cigar, and seemed plained every point. The cadets at our "For God's sake hurry up, boys; they to be taking no interest whatever academy had always drilled with prein the proceedings about him. It is cision and celerity, and I did my best The ranks closed up, the step was needless to say that the officers and making the men count aloud and keep quickened. Then we went on at double- men took enough interest in him to the time. They were quick to imitate, quick. Down the plank road from the make up for his lack of attention. It and were not long in catching the trick right were coming ambulances; the is said that he ordered the Colored For an hour I drilled them on this one drivers were lashing their horses to a Division to guard the wagon-train. At lesson, and they improved wonderfully, run, and the wounded occupants scream any rate, we did not "go in," but They had just finished an exercise, and

ing in agony as the vehicles joited and moved to the left again, towards the rammers had all been returned with crashed over the terribly-rough road. Chancellorsville. a snap, almost as one man, when an Intermingled with the ambulances were In doing so we passed in the rear of officer stepped beside me. It was the soldiers thronged to the road to see the indeed," he remarked, and passed on.

> Sergeant was A. J. Buckles, Color-Sergeant, 19th Ind., of the old Iron Brigade. He was thought to be mortally wounded, but insisted on being sent to Fredericksburg. He told me that he believed that this laugh saved